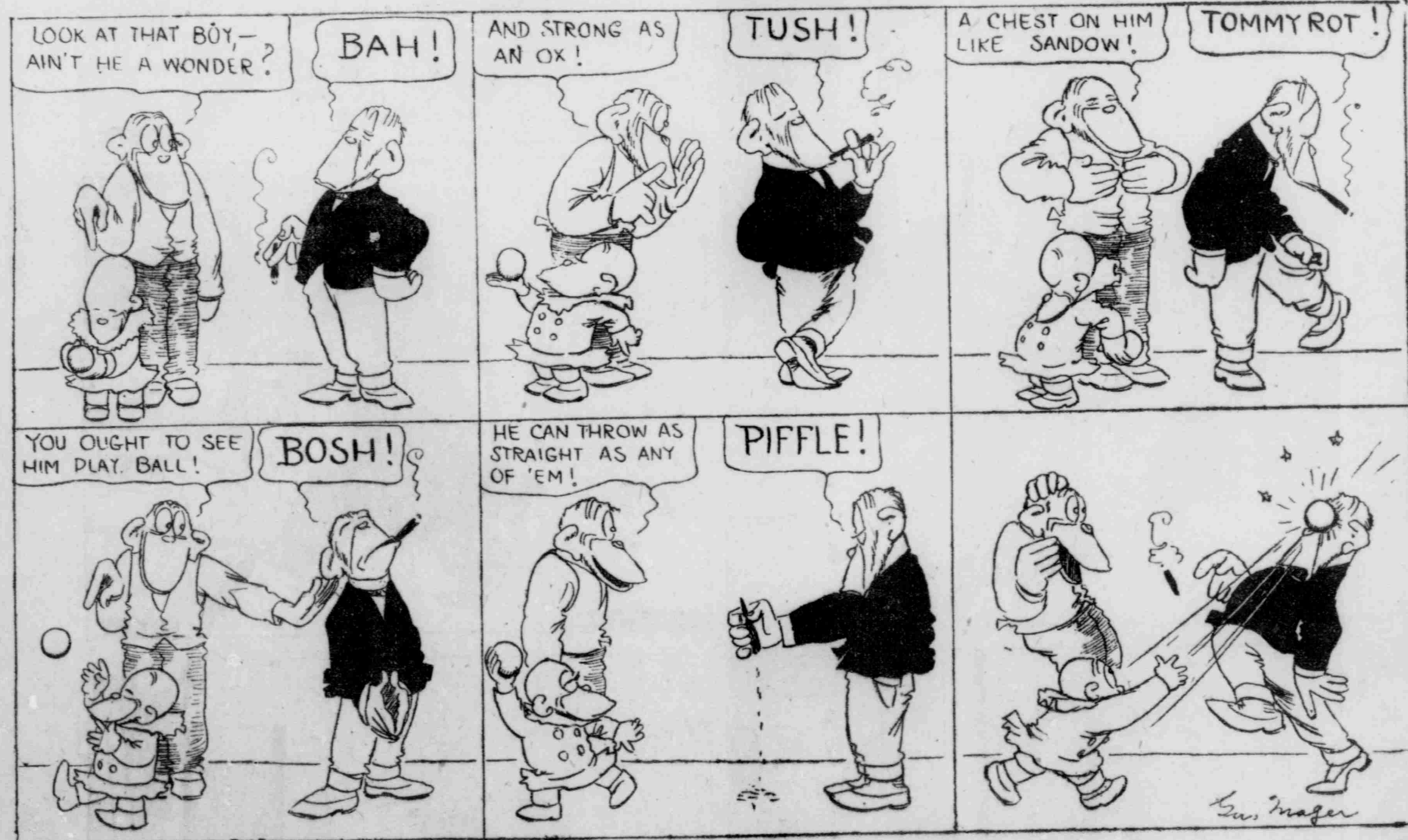


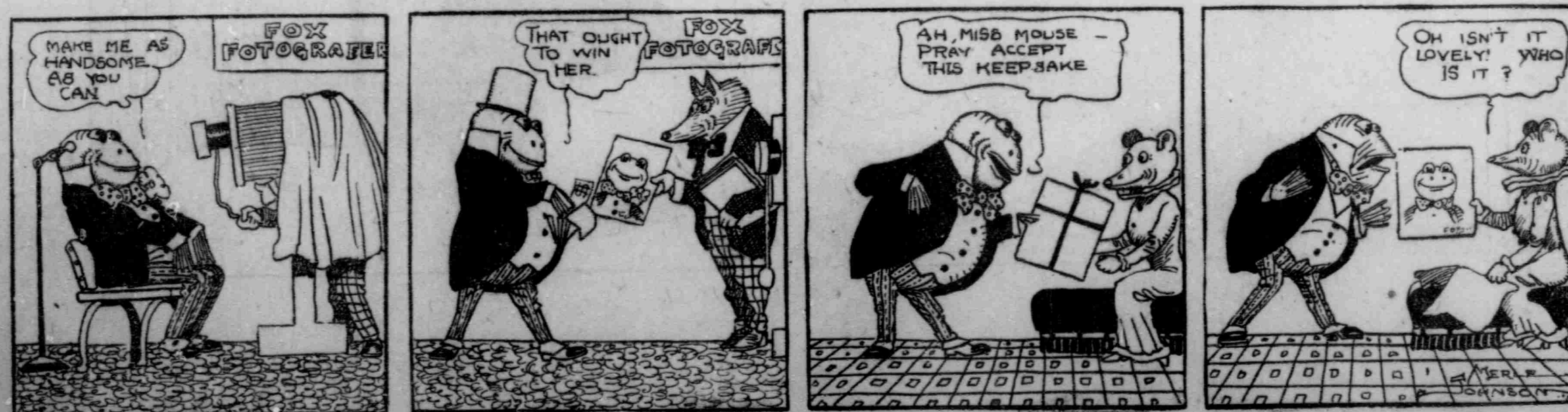
# Knocko the Monk

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MR. FROG, HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

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## Bobbie's Slate

## Pa Joins the Great Army of Unappreciated Poets

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

THE plecter on my snail-to-day is  
a plecter of my Pa & Ma. Pa is  
reading a poem to Ma. He  
didn't have any one (1) else to read  
it to.

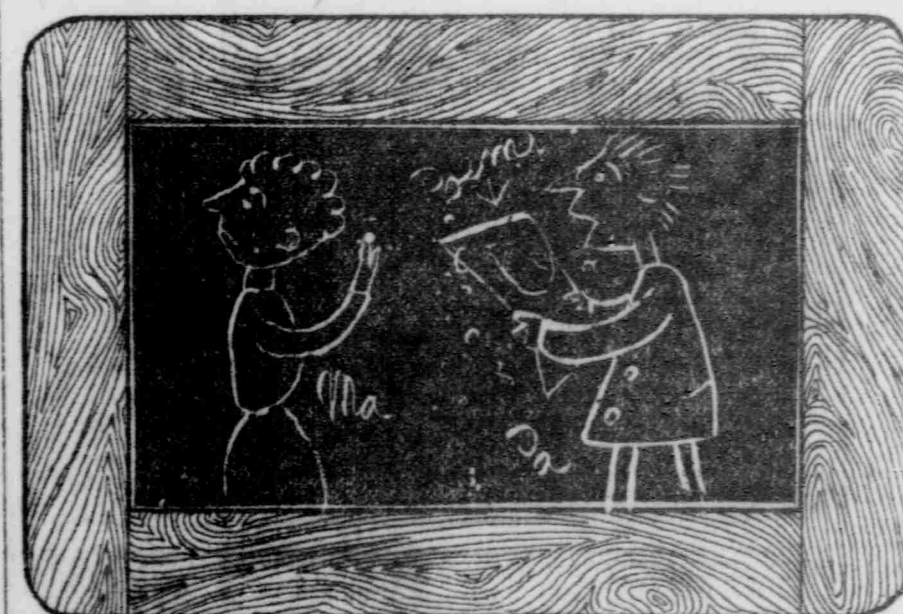
Last nite we had a party to our house.  
It was a Nativ Son party wich Pa galy to  
sum nativ sons wich was born out in  
Calif.

Wen Pa told Ma that he was going to  
give the party Ma dident say anything.

went, sed Pa. The last two lines seem  
maternal, sed Ma. beekaus there is so  
much of yure charming person-ality in  
the lines about yure beak-ing. You are  
quite a bard, sed Ma.

The next verse is better, sed Pa. This  
is it:

Oh, fair California, the land of gold.  
I have long been yurning to be back in  
the food.  
Back where the palms stand mountain  
high.



This picter is my Pa & my Ma. My Pa is reading a poem to Ma.

but I guess she didn't like it. She didn't say anything until Pa kept talking about it, & then she said "What do you girls do to give a party to Nativ' Sons? Why, sed Ma, you ain't a Nativ' Sen."

Is that so, sed Pa, didn't you know that my father was born in Callorny & that I might have been born there if the folks had let Pa stay in Callorny? Of course I am a Nativ Son.

I like it out there all rite, sed Ma, but I don't want to live in a Nativ Son's party till we git better acquainted with peepul that calim from there.

Don't be so calim, sed Pa, I ain't going to in-vite anybody like Jim Jeffries, the folks I am going to in-vite is the peepul that calim from the Cal.

Well, sed Ma, I have rote a poem wich I am going to reesite at the party. It is sum poem, a kind of mixture of the Keweenaw & Byron with a dash

Back where the orange trees reach the sky.  
Back in the folds of ginger & vim  
Where the folks all works with eners  
grim;  
Where the peepul don't need to eat ta-basco,  
Back to the hoam of Dave Belasco!

That is a grate poem, sed Ma, I hope it goes good now you read it at the party.  
Go good? sed Pa, why, woman, it can help good sed. I regard it as one of the gratest epiks of the age, sed Pa & you know I am a good judge of my own work.

But Pa, I didn't read the poem at the party, becausa none of the peepul to wich I had sent invitashuns to calim to the house.

ATTENTION! PUZZLEISTS!

**T**HE solution to the Hall Room luncheon puzzle will be printed in this page on next Wednesday.

On Monday, Miss Betty will ask the Puzzle Class to straighten out some puzzling matters concerning her Billies.

### A FAMILIAR VIEW

—Kansas City Journal.

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